



THE ACTORS NAMES.

REMOVR the Presentor.
King Henry the Fourth.
Prince Henry, afterwards Crowned King Henrie the Fift.
Prince John of Lancaster.
Humphrey of Gloucester. } Sonnes to Henry the Fourth, & brethren to Henry 5.
Thomas of Clarence.

Northumberland.
The Arch Byshop of Yorke.
Mowbray.
Hastings.
Lord Bardolfe.
Trauers.
Morton.
Coleuile.
Warwicke.
Westmerland.
Surrey.
Gowre.
Harecourt.
Lord Chiefe Iustice.

Shallow. } Both Country
Silence. } Iustices.
Dauid, Seruant to Shallow.
Phang, and Snare, 2. Sericants
Mouldie.
Shadow.
Wart.
Feeble.
Bulcalfe.

Drawers
Beadles.
Groomes
Northumberland's Wife.
Percies Widdow.
Hostesse Quickly.
Doll Tear-sheete.
Epilogue.



The Life of Henry the Fift.

Enter Prologue.

O For a Muse of Fire, that would ascend
The brightest Heaven of Invention:
A Kingdome for a Stage, Princes to Act,
And Monarchs to behold the swelling Scene.
Then should the Warlike Harry, like himselfe,
Assume the Port of Mars, and at his heeles
(Least in, like Hounds) should Famine, Sword, and Fire
Crouch for employment. But pardon, Gentles all:
The flat unrayed Spirits, that bath dar'd,
On this unworthy Scaffold, to bring forth
So great an Obiect. Can this Cock-Pit hold
The castie fields of France? Or may we cramme
Within this wooden O, the very Caskes
That did affright the Ayre at Agincourt?
O pardon: since a crooked Figure may
Attest in little place a Milton,
And let vs, Cyphers to this great Accompt,

On your imaginarie Forces worke.
Suppose within the Girdle of these Walls
Are now confin'd two mightie Monarchies,
Whose high, vp-reared, and abutting Fronts,
The perillous narrow Ocean parts asunder.
Peerce out our imperfections with your thoughts:
Into a thousand parts divide one Man,
And make imaginarie Puissance.
Thinke when we talke of Horses, that you see them
Printing their proud Hoofes i'th' recouing Earth:
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our Kings,
Carry them here and there: Jumping o're Times;
Turning th' accomplishment of many yeeres
Into an Howre-glasse: for the which supplie,
Admit me Chorus to this Historie;
Who Prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to heare, kindly to iudge our Play.

Exit.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter the two Bishops of Canterbury and Ely.

Bish. Cant.
MY Lord, He tell you, that selfe Bill is vrg'd,
Which in th' eleueth yere of last Kings reign
Was like, and had indeed against vs past,
But that the scambling and vnquiet time
Did push it out of farther question.
Bish. Ely. But how tny Lord shall we resist it now?
Bish. Cant. It must be thought on: if it passe against vs,
We loose the better halfe of our Possession:
For all the Temporall Lands, which men deuout
By Testament haue giuen to the Church,
Would they strip from vs; being valu'd thus,
As much as would maintaine, to the Kings honor,
Full fiftene Earles, and fiftene hundred Knights,
Six thousand and two hundred good Esquires:
And to reliefe of Lazars, and weake age
Of indigent faint Soules, past corporall toyle,
A hundred Almes-houses, right well supply'd:
And to the Coffers of the King beside,
A thousand pounds by th' yeere. Thus runs the Bill.
Bish. Ely. This would drinke deepe.
Bish. Cant. I would drinke the Cup and all.
Bish. Ely. But what preuention?

Bish. Cant. The King is full of grace, and faire re-
gard.
Bish. Ely. And a true louer of the holy Church.
Bish. Cant. The courses of his youth promis'd it not.
The breath no sooner left his Fathers body,
But that his wildnesse, mortify'd in him,
Seem'd to dye too: yea, at that very moment,
Consideration like an Angell came,
And whipt th' offending Adam out of him;
Leauing his body as a Paradise,
T' inuelop and containe Celestiall Spirits.
Neuer was such a sodaine Scholler made:
Neuer came Reformation in a Flood,
With such a heady currence scowring faults:
Nor neuer Hydra-headed Wilsulnesse
So soone did loose his Seat; and all at once;
As in this King.
Bish. Ely. We are blessed in the Change.
Bish. Cant. Heare him but reason in Diuinitie;
And all-admiring, with an inward with
You would desire the King were made a Prelate:
Heare him debate of Common-wealth Affaires;
You would say, it hath been all in all his study:
Lift his discourse of Warre; and you shall heare
A fearefull Battaille rendred you in Musique.

Turne